WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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"SONG OF THE SLAVE."

The land it is the landlord's,
  The trader's is the sea,
The ore the miner's coffer fills
  But what remains for me?
The engine wheels for master's craft
  The steel shines to defend,
With labor's arms what labor raised
  For labor's foe to spend.
The camp, the pulpit, and the law
  For rich men's sons are free,
Theirs, theirs the learning, art, and arms;—
  But what remains for me?

The coming hope, the future day
  When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
  To make that future now.

I pay for all their learning,
  I toil for all their ease,
They render back in return for coin
  Want, ignorance, disease;
Toil, toil, and then a cheerless home
  Where hunger possesses crouch,
Eternal gain to them that give
  To me eternal loss?
The fruit of labored happiness
  The rich alone may see,
The playful child, the smiling wife
  And what remains for me?

They render back those rich men
  A pauper's niggard fee
Mayhap a prison—then a grave,
  And think they're quits with me
For hard wife's heart that breaks,
  A poor man's child that dies,
We scowl (no) on our hollow cheeks
  And in our sunken eyes;
We read it there wherever we meet,
  And as the sun we see
Each tells "The rich have got the earth,
  And what remains for me.

We hear the wrong in silence,
  We store it in our brain,
They think us dull, they think us dead,
  But we shall rise again;
A trumpet through the lands will ring;
  A heaving through the mass;
A trampling through their palaces,
  Until they break like glass;
We'll cease to weep by cherished graves,
  From lonely homes we'll flee;
And still, as rolls our million march,
  Its watchword brave shall be—

The coming hope, the future day,
  When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, man,
  To make that future now.

ERNEST JONES.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you lie like that trouble that came your way
  With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
  With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh! a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,
  Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
  But only—How did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
  Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
  But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
  Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
  It's—How did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
  If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
  Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
  And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
  But only—How did you die?

EDMUND VANCE COOK.

Other Men's Thoughts.

To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort or navy—he loves men too well; no bribe, or feast, or palace to draw friends to him; no vantage ground, no favorable circumstances. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute book, for he has the law giver; no money, for he is value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the Creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends, for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not to husband and educate a few, to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to man is angelic; his memory is myrrh to them; his presence, frankincense and flowers.

EMERSON.

* * *

The condition for capital is wage labor. Wage labor rests exclusively on competition between the workers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the capitalist class, replaces the isolation of the workers, due to competition, by their involuntary combination, due to association. What the capitalist class therefore produces, above all, are its own grave diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

KARL MARX.

* * *

If you are poor it is because under a system that allows one man to make a profit from the labor of many men there must be a few who have too much and many who have too little.

* * *

Unemployment is due to the improvement of machinery without shortening the hours of labor.

* * *

The workingman who is under the delusion that the employer pays his wages should be sent to the home for feeble-minded. The slaves pay their own wages. They also pay the profits of their employers as well as the cost of running the game. They are great payers, these wage slaves.

* * *

All have a right to an equal share in the benefits and burdens of government. Any disabilities for opinion imply, by their existence, bare-faced tyranny on the side of government, ignorant slavishness on the side of the governed.

SHELLEY.

* * *

The Social Revolution is bound to come; it will come either in full panoply of law, and surrounded with all the blessings of peace, provided the people have the wisdom to take it by the hand and introduce it betimes, or it may break in upon us unexpectedly, amidst all the convulsions of violence, with wild, dishevelled locks, and shod in iron sandals. Come it must, in one way or the other. When I withdraw myself from the turmoil of the day, and dive into history I hear distinctly its approaching tread.

LASALLE.

As Some Would Like to See Us.

UNITS.

Finished, Chidley, murdered foully;
  Curs'd Custom sentence passed,
Worlds may one day dumbly wonder
  Sceptic science stand aghast.

Mad decreed by orthodoxy,
  Sane adjudged by commonsense,
Irritated, persecuted,
  Loses nothing passing hence.

Same as ever, doctrine dilly,
  Unaccorded aeon's use;
Novel, new, condemned untrue,
  Worthy only coarse abuse.

Error, Truth in Progress mingle,
  While the Future feels its way;
It is Right on some to-morrow
  What was Wrong but yesterday.

Error often founds the basis
  Helps the greater Truth prevail;
Man's endeavor cannot ever
  Fail, or, altogether fail.

Wrong or Right or both confounded,
  Time alone has final voice;
Must we, as in bygone ages,
  Man deny his reason's choice.

Progress' plough its endless furrow
  Harder far to turn had found
Did Idea's preceding coulter
  Not disturb the virgin ground.

Finished, Chidley, onward courses
  Life in all its varied form,
Richer by his effort, were it
  Aberration or improvement norm.

W. H. LEVEY.

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A slave has no property in his labor, and any man who is compelled to give up the fruits of his labor to another at the arbitrary will of that other has no property, and is, therefore, a slave, whether the fruit of his labor be taken from him directly or indirectly. If it be said that he gave up this fruit by his own will, and that it is not forced from him, I answer, "To be sure, he may avoid eating and drinking, and may go naked, but then he must die; and on this condition only can he refuse to give up the fruit of his labor."

WILLIAM COBBETT

The Labor Party.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS IT.

At the present time a movement is afoot in certain quarters of the A.S.P. to induce members of the Party to support "Anti-Conscriptionist" Labor candidates at the forthcoming elections. This in face of the fact that at the present moment EVERY member of the Labor Party is A CONSCRIPTIONIST.

Conscription was INTRODUCED into Australia by the Labor Party's Defence Act 1910—the most damnable form of conscription on earth—conscription for voteless lads 14 years of age. And this conscription is endorsed by every Labor nominee TO-DAY. Conscription was not an issue prior to the Federal elections which sent the Labor Party to office; it has never been an election issue since; it is not an election issue NOW. The issue for the Referendum of October 28, 1916, was Conscription for Service Abroad—an entirely different thing.

Have those sink-your-principles members forgotten the spineless apathy of the Labor Leagues and their executive—the present Executive—when Quinton, Jackson and Leslie, of this Party, were gaoled under the War Precautions Act for attempting to rouse public opinion against the logical extension of Labor's own conscription—Conscription for Service Abroad? These men were gaoled under the War Precautions Act, passed by the Labor Government, the Act which overrides Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus and renders the "rights" of free speech and free press, mere figments of a dream.

But, say these "Scientific Socialists," the Labor Party has been "cleansed" since then. And what is its record to date? Before analysing its "Anti-Conscription" attitude let us refer to another matter of vital importance to us as Socialists. Some months ago, Hughes introduced the Unlawful Associations Bill. This Act, ostensibly directed against the I.W.W., is aimed directly at ANY militant organisation, against even the craft unions. It was assented to by the "purified" Labor Party in the Representatives, and, although "purified Labor" had a majority in the Senate, through that Labor Senate it went WITHOUT PROTEST. Under its speedy operation David Melrose, of the Broken Hill A.M.A., was given six months' hard in Sydney last week.

How does this Act affect us? The Revolutionary Industrial Unions are the basis of Socialist society. The function of the A.S.P.—a purely political party—is to PROTECT, by Parliamentary action, this industrial wing from the forces of law and order, to educate the workers and recruit them into the revolutionary industrial unions, till the latter are strong enough to "take and hold" the means of production. We can thus thank the "purified" Labor Party for the worst blow in years against the Socialist movement. We are now to PROTECT that wing by voting for the Labor Party, which aided in crippling it by crippling industrial action!

Back again to the purely Anti-Conscriptionist viewpoint. Tudor, Finlayson and Co. are as much a "Win the War" Party as the Hughes and Cook crowd. Conscription for Service Abroad was opposed by the former, merely on the ground that it was NOT NECESSARY. Starting from their Win-the-War basis, they arrived, absolutely illogically arrived, at the above conclusion. Suppose to win the war it DOES become necessary. What will be the Labor position then? It will be as impotent to prevent conscription for overseas as a bootlace! To administer the Commonwealth, it will depend for its loan monies on the capitalist class. The N.S.W. Labor Party is, at this minute, promising to raise loans, that work may be given to a few of unemployed thousands. Two Allied reverses would cause conscription to become necessary in the eyes of the CAPITALIST class, and that class would enforce conscription by simply sitting tight and NOT LENDING. No Referendum is needed; the ukase goes forth, "Starve or Fight." Or in case of a loan "the lender makes the rules." In either case, could the straight or crooked Labor Party prevent it?

From the Socialist standpoint, the Labor Party is an immense futility, and a vote in its favour, endorses ALL the Acts of a conscious or unconscious enemy of the Labor Movement. The attitude of the A.S.P. is clear and brief: "No Political Trading." This attitude was re-emphasised at the last December conference in Melbourne. Section 19 of the Rules and Constitution reads, "No member or Branch of the A.S.P. shall enter into an alliance TEMPORARY or permanent, with any other than a Revolutionary Socialist Party." Those who wish to break that rule should resign from the Party, and those resignations should, from the purely Socialist standpoint, be accepted WITH PLEASURE.

—C.F.C.

The Federal Elections.

Some Labor Legislation to Remember.

The Federal Coalition Party, with their jingoistic policy of "Win the War" by all and any means possible, together with the patriotic official Labor Party, who are also anxious to win this glorious war, will shortly be exhorting the electors of Australia to place confidence in the respective capitalistic parties to which they (the politicians) endorse.

The atmosphere in Parliament is bad enough at any time, but the happenings of late have revealed a decidedly putrid state of affairs that wants at least a little purifying.

The two great capitalistic parties have two great questions that will evidently be served up as the dope during the coming campaign. These questions, the composition of the Imperial delegation to England and the method of obtaining recruits are ones that Labor fakirs and others will place before the working class of Australia.

The Labor Party contends that it has the support of the Australian people, and consequently can represent the capitalists of this country at the Imperial War Council, more effectively than the Hughes party.

Revolutionary Socialists do not ask the people to vote on such questions as these, but only on a clear-cut working class issue—Socialism v. capitalism.

It makes my blood boil, and I sometimes think I would like to choke the life out of those patriotic Labor politicians who pretend to fight in our class's interest.

Some will say that the official Labor Party should not be denounced and opposed by the Socialist Party because the fight is mainly conscription v. no conscription. Nevertheless, it remains for the Socialist Party to point out that the official Labor Party is not really opposed to conscription at all.

The official Labor Party is responsible for placing on the Statute Book legislation inimical to the working class.

That legislation remains; the Labor Party still acquiesces in it, consequently it must be opposed and exposed more than before.

G. de P.

CONSCRIPTION!

A Manifesto.

TO THE WORKING CLASS ELECTORS OF N.S.W.

At various times members of the Political Labor Leagues have claimed that the Australian Socialist Party is composed of traitors to the Labor movement, because the A.S.P. opposes P.L.L. nominees on the political field, and ever criticises the acts of Labor members of Parliament. Our critics confuse two terms. They imagine that the Labor Party and the Labor Movement are one. The Australian Socialist Party emphatically denies this. It recognises the Labor Party as a purely capitalistic outfit, and claims that the principles and policy of the A.S.P. are the expression, the only logical expression, of the Labor Movement.

Examine its statement concerning the Labor Party in the light of conscription. The Labor Party to-day is a purely CONSCRIPTIONIST party. The Federal LABOR Party, by its DEFENCE ACT, 1910, INTRODUCED CONSCRIPTION.

Twelve months prior to the Referendum on "Conscription for Service Abroad," members of the Australian Socialist Party formed the Anti-Conscription League. Member after member, including J. Quinton, C. Jackson and R. Leslie were gaoled under the War Precautions Act PASSED BY THE LABOR PARTY. This Act, still in force, overrides Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, Freedom of the Press and of Speech, and gives UNLIMITED powers to the Government.

Remember the question of Conscription was NOT consented to by the votes of the people at the time of the passage of Defence Act, and it has never been an election issue since. Conscription for service abroad is NOT an issue at this State election NOW. The question of CONSCRIPTION was NOT THE ISSUE voted on OCTOBER 28, 1916. The only question decided, then, was CONSCRIPTION FOR SERVICE ABROAD—an entirely different thing.

The State Labor nominees endorse the Federal Labor Party platform, and so EVERY State and Federal LABOR CANDIDATE, to-day, is A CONSCRIPTIONIST. And yet these are the people who ask you to vote for "Labor and No-Conscription," and naively ask, "Can we trust the Conscriptionists?"

Why does the Socialist Party so bitterly oppose ANY form of Conscription? They do so, because of the economic position of the wage-earning or working class, in society. Labor has only one asset, its commodity known as labor-power. The price of this labor-power is wages. The amount of wages received depends upon the amount necessary to provide for their food, clothing and shelter and the reproduction of their kind, i.e., for a supply of future wage-earners. It does NOT depend upon the value of what they produce. Justice Heydon, in the Arbitration Court, assesses wages—the price of labor-power on the market—like this: rent so much; meat, so much; clothing, so much; and so on to the total. Just as there is a pig market, a cattle market, an iron market, so in any country we have a labor market. The daily papers blazon it on their bill boards. Thus "the price list is Labour's flag; its State or Empire is the Labour market."

Through the operation of the law of Supply and Demand, some classes of wage-earners get a few shillings more than the recognised subsistence-level, some are just on it, others are below it. On the AVERAGE the working class gets just enough to keep it at this subsistence-level.

As a class, it follows that the wage-earners own no property. Logically, they have nothing to defend. Why conscription?

Flowing from the economic fact outlined above, it follows that the workers do not receive the full value of their product in the shape of wages. As they thus can't buy back all their product, markets have to be secured for the disposal of the surplus commodities. When two capitalist nations desire the same field for trade purposes, or wish to secure some trade advantage over others, such as a coastal strip, port, etc, the outcome generally is war—the direct result of the robbery at home, the exploitation on the job. Wh[illegible] conscription for the robbed class.

The Australian Conscription (Defence) Act enacts that conscripts can be used to maintain order and peace AT HOME. In every country where capitalism, i.e., production for profit, is in operation, the military have always been used to stop industrial unrest and browbeat strikers in their fights for higher wages, shorter hours, or better industrial conditions. Where a strike is in operation there is not "peace at home." Conscription is modelled on the Swiss system. The Swiss "democratic" conscripts have fired on their own class when striking, no fewer than thirteen times in the last few years. In America and all European countries the military are regularly used in this way.

The Socialist Party is out not merely for higher wages, but for the ownership and control of the industries and socially-necessary wealth, by and for the working class. And it knows that the military always bars the way!

Lastly, the Labor Party argues that its Conscription is necessary, because "If you want Peace, you must prepare for war." This is the greatest fallacy ever uttered. Preparation for war brings only one thing—war! Otherwise Europe would be at peace to-day.

For the above reasons the principle and policy of the Australian Socialist Party state:—

"The A.S.P. declares itself uncompromisingly hostile to all forms of armaments and militarism, recognising that the armed forces will be used to buttress up capitalism and to hold down the workers. The A.S.P. further recognises that the energies of the working class can be better utilised in building up their industrial and political organisations, which shall finally render war impossible, as such organisations, by international affiliation and alliances between the working classes of all nations, are the chief guarantee of the peace of the world."

SOCIALISM AND PROPERTY.

Property is to-day a lie for the majority of men, a robbery for the minority. Socialism would make property the possession of everyone. It would convert it into a truth, secure to the worker within society the full proceeds of his labor, and destroy the capitalistic system of plunder from its foundation. . . . Our end is: The free democracy, with equal economical and political rights; the free society with associative labor. The welfare of a is for us the one end of the state an society.

W. LIEBKNECHT.

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Socialism in Yucatan.

(By Lancelot Eden.)

For more than two years our newspapers, gradually dwindling in size, have been filled with such war news as the Government thinks it expedient to authorise, and little or no attention has been paid to those foreign affairs that have no bearing on the European situation. As far as the American continent is concerned, the supply of food and munitions of war from the United States; the securing of meat, leather, and horses from South America; the recent Presidential election in the United States, and the influence in that election of "pro-German" and "pro-Ally" sentiments; the problem of the Anglo-American monetary exchanges; the question whether, when the war is over, the world's financial centre will be found to be New York instead of London—such are the American matters to which scanty reference has been made in the English Press. Of the progress of the Mexican Revolution (with reports of which the foreign columns of our journals had been filled for two years and more before August, 1914) hardly a word. Yet there is an important Mexican province in which, for the nonce, the revolution has been completely successful, the semi-independent province of Yucatan; and the changes inaugurated there while the proletarians of Europe have been slaughtering one another are matters full of interest to every Socialist.

Most people know that Yucatan is a peninsula jutting northwards from Central America, constituting the lower jaw of the Gulf of Mexico, that gulf which (on a small scale map) looks like a great mouth preparing to swallow the Antilles. It has been termed "the American Egypt," for it contains remains of a vanished civilisation which rival in size and interest those lying beside the Nile. The temples of Yucatan were built by the Mayas, the indigens whose power crumbled (like that of the Aztecs in Mexico and that of the Incas in Peru) at the touch of the Spanish conquistadores. The bulk of the population of 300,000 odd is still of Maya blood, the Mayas being the peons or serfs, who, until yesterday, continued to toil for the benefit of a master class, exploiters of Spanish descent, known as Yucatecos.

The province is a trifle larger than Ireland, comprising somewhat less than one-tenth of the entire territory of Mexico. It is virtually an island, being cut off from communication landward by almost impassable waterless areas, inhabited, where habitation is possible, by still independent Maya tribes. This peculiar geographical configuration, and the distance from the capital, account for the partial independence of Yucatan, an independence which has been accentuated during the troublous times through which Mexico has been passing. There are railways connecting Merida, the capital, with the coast, but there has not as yet, in this sparsely populated agricultural country, been any notable development of industrial, and still less of financial capital. The chief products besides cattle and pigs are sugar, tobacco, vanilla, maize, cotton, coffee, and, above all, henequen. Henequen, known in commerce as "sisal hemp," is the American agave, and provides a fibrous material used in making ropes, sacks, matting, etc. This fibre, together with timber, are the principal exports, and have been a source of immense wealth to the Yucatecos—those who "owned" the land and could monopolise its wealth by using the forced labor of serfs bound to the soil.

Now, is it possible to effect a transition from villeinage to Socialism without passing through the stage of industrial capitalism? That is what the moving spirits of the Yucatanese revolution are endeavoring to effect, and unquestionably Yucatan is an eminently favorable locality for the attempt. As already said, capitalistic development is in its infancy, and, since the country appears to lack mineral wealth, the tentacles of "big finance" have not been extended over it. Oust the "owners" of the soil, emancipate the peons, nationalise the land, educate, organise the Government on thoroughly democratic lines, and an approach towards the Socialist goal may perhaps be effected with remarkable facility. The "single-taxers" assure us that the land question is the essence of the social problem, and that were the land question rightly settled the rest of Socialism would be superfluous. Few of us believe this, but at least we can believe that the social revolution might be much simpler in a land which neither has nor is likely to have any striking development of industrial and financial capital.

We are told that the agrarian revolution in Yucatan has been the work of a benevolent despotism, and that it will shortly be overthrown by a counter-revolution, which will reinstate the despotism (unquestionably not benevolent) of the Yucatecan landowners. Prophecy is easy, but here pre-eminently unprofitable. This much is certain, that Salvador Alvarado, the Governor, and Modesto Rolland, his right-hand man (of mixed French and Mayan descent), are working under Socialist inspiration. Consider the new agrarian law which came into active operation last summer, drafted by Rolland after a detailed study of land tenure in other parts of the world. In earlier days, under the Spanish Crown, the Maya villages possessed extensive communal domains. These domains were gradually eaten up by the Spanish owners of neighboring haciendas. The new agrarian law has restored the communal lands, and has subsequently subdivided them into farms of suitable size, something less than sixty acres. The State retains absolute ownership of the soil, and the tenant pays two and a half per cent. on the assessed value, as a rent or tax accruing to the State. The land is the tenant's **as long as he uses it**; if he dies, his widow can continue tenancy on the same terms. But no idle ownership is permitted, and by the assessment system the community absorbs the economic rent—the difference between the value on the margin of cultivation and the value of land in more favorably situated areas or where the soil is exceptionally fertile. This agrarian law is the fundamental law, but the other recent legislation is equally progressive—limitation of the hours of labor, prohibition of child labor (under sixteen), State insurance, motherhood protection, extension of local self-government, and so on. If Alvarado and Rolland are "despots," they are, at any rate, despots who wish to base their regime, not on military force, but on the affection of an educated people. There are 700 soldiers in Yucatan, but there are more than 2,000 school teachers. These promising beginnings may, of course, be annihilated by a counter-revolution, but meanwhile Yucatan is a country worth watching.

PARADISE AND HELL.

A Story of the Track.

(Written by "Woodicus" for the "International Socialist.")

With six inches of drought in his throat, his head ready to burst, and red things dancing occasionally before his eyes, seated on the hotel doorsteps with fourpence in his hand waiting for the bar to open, was Peter. In his mind he had a recollection of training it twenty miles from Melbourne to Werribee. And like every unit of the army that marches, some with swags and some without—from paradise to hell, from booze to semi-sobriety—he cursed himself for being a fool when half sober, and when sober, swore to drink beer whilst ever hops are grown.

"Want a job?"

"Yes,"

"Well, jump up."

"I will when the pub opens," replied Peter.

The cocky gave a grunt, whipped up his horse, and the partially dazed Peter cursed him and all cockies in general as he disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

As the day went by Peter met others of his brigade and all told the same tale. Of how they landed in the city with a cheque, followed by a week of sweet oblivion. Then their clothes "in Moscow" (pawned); then dressed in a few rags, they started out on the road again.

In the afternoon he decided to look for a job, and walk off the effects of the booze, along the road lined with square harvest fields of yellow grain, amidst which buzzed harvesters and binding machines. He trudged with his swag and amused himself calculating what it would be in capital to start a modern farm. The best part of a thousand pounds, he estimated.

Going into a homestead for some hot water to make tea, a voice through a bunch of whiskers struck his ear with: "Have you drank all the beer in Werribee?"

Peter recognised the producer of the voice as the cocky who had offered him the job that morning and retorted:

"I suppose I can do what I like with my money."

"Booze is the ruin of all you fellows," sniffed the cocky.

"And the making of you cockies. If we did not booze you wouldn't get us for the price you do. Why, every pub in Melbourne is a recruiting agency for cheap labor for cockies."

As the woman handed him his billy of hot water, he asked her for something to eat. But she was blue eyed and cold blooded and said: "We don't give anything to swagmen," and closed the wire door in his face.

For a second he stood still with shock, being unable to realise that one mortal could refuse another food; for another second, he was enraged, and felt capable of any deed to gratify his hunger. On the third second he walked away.

He was firstly a savage, and the savage does not ask for food, but helps himself and knows not refusal. Next he was a barbarian, who picks up a stone and bashes the brains out of his adversary and satisfies his needs, for the barbarian knows no refusal other than that of the strong, the brute force of conquest. Had Peter been either a savage or a barbarian living in an age of savagery or barbarism, he would have acted as barbarians and savages do. But Peter was both a barbarian and a savage, and more, he was a wageslave under capitalism. His mind had in a few seconds leaped through stages that had taken his ancestors thousands of years to pass. His brain at the base was that of a savage, in the middle a barbarian; but his topmost mind was docile—the product of generations of chattel slavery, and ancestors who had worn the collar of serfdom, the subjects of the abuse and the privilege of their rulers. And as a result of such a heritage, Peter walked away, closed the gate, and swore an oath of vengeance upon all cockies.

Ten miles further on, he arrived at the swagmen's camp on the bank of a river. Straw and shady trees were plentiful, a fire with several billies boiling, and half a dozen or so tramps waiting for the eels to boil. Peter joined them and shared their meal.

There is a crude form of communism practised amongst swagmen, each sharing what ever provisions he has with the others. During the next two days, whoever had fishing lines angled for eels in the river and all hands breakfasted, dined and supped on bread, tea and eels. It being an understood thing amongst them that none of them was to accept a job under the union rates of wages which were, according to A.W.U. log, to be one shilling an hour for eight hours with time and a half for overtime. The cockies around about were only offering seven shillings for ten hours and upwards, although many of them admitted the rate was low and men were worth more. But the rates had been fixed by the Farmers' Union, and each was going to stand by it, be it fair or foul. It was a matter of fighting organisation with organisation—class war and no compromise.

One morning a cocky drove up to the camp and asked if the swagmen wanted work.

"Well, we are not particular about work, we want money."

"Would he pay the union rate? No! Certainly not!"

Peter's reply to this was not according to the instructions in the union rule books, viz., "Always use the best language at your command." But Peter had no best language. He had one variety for all occasions, the embellishments of which would turn a Wesleyan parson's hair grey with horror.

Next morning Peter awoke, the only occupant of the camp. The others had gone. Where, he wondered.

Breaking camp the same day, he discovered the others harvesting for the cocky who had called at the camp.

Although he stood and watched them from but a few yards off, they passed no word of recognition, for they were scabs, and they knew it.

Strolling along, Peter meditated upon them scabbing; those who had seemed so staunch in principle.

But those men who had scabbed, like most men, lived to gratify each his stomach, and the stomach controls the conscience. To be more expressive, they thought with their stomachs, instead of using their heads for such a purpose. An empty stomach means an empty head. The stomach makes men prostitute their intellects, turning them into craven curs willing to do things when hungry they'd spurn to do with a gratified appetite. And it seems to be one of the axioms of capitalism that a man with an empty head and full pocket can always buy a man with an empty pocket and a full head.

Dinner time marked Peter's arrival at a thrashing machine, where they wanted a man. The pay was only tenpence an hour, and the union rate was 1/1½ an hour. Resolving not to scab, he turned away, and as he did so, the smell of fresh cooked food drifted to his nostrils, and the gastric juice rose in his mouth and made him hungry. No job! No dinner! he mused, and possibly not any tea. Couldn't he take the job for a short time? he asked himself. Something told him he ought to find an excuse to appease his principles as well as his hunger. He had one. Get amongst the thrasher men and convert them to demand the union rate! Bore from within! So he ate and he worked.

A thrasher is a monster machine driven by a traction engine and is used for separating the grain from the straw.

The hours of work were from five in the morning until nine o'clock at night, with an hour and a half interval for meals. The dust blocked one's eyes, nose and throat, and turned all clothes to a brown color, and made everybody spit up clots of mud. One man, unassisted, lifted the bags of grain onto his shoulder and carried them to a stack, a class of work which, along the water front, is paid for at the rate of two shillings an hour, was being done for less than half this rate here in the harvest field. Neither washing conveniences nor sleeping quarters were provided. A bundle of straw, and weary muscles and brain were soon asleep. But not for long. The heat of the day, the heavy work and the consumption of water combined, produced cramps in the middle of the night, the quietness of which Peter broke with curses and oaths as he danced about in his shirt, rubbing his contracted sinews and muscles, trying to induce them back into the normal state.

All hands grumbled at the conditions of work and the pay for it. Peter pointed out that it was useless to grumble without kicking. Oh! they'd kick as soon as the A.W.U. organiser arrived on the job.

But this personage, on arrival, proved to be only a pedlar of union tickets at a salary of £6 per week, and who could not do anything without instructions from the head man in Melbourne, and this high and mighty Czar was in favor of the men striking if they so chose, but he would not support them with funds.

The men had union tickets, but no power to make the union act as they required, but they had to act as the union bureaucrats decreed.

A strike was declared. The men formed a camp and pooled their living expenses.

The union officials played their part to the extent of demonstrating their incompetency to effectively deal with the situation. They met the Farmers' Union in conference, and the farmers told them that rather than give in to the demands of the men they would work the thrashing machines themselves. The Employers' Federation and the day-lie press stood solid behind the cockies. Thus the master class were united and organised. The workers were the reverse. Their battalions were disjointed as no attempt was made by the union officials to put the case before the public or gain the support of other unions.

It was a battle of stomachs versus cash and cash won. For a day came, bringing a letter from the union God Almighty tell-

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Paradise and Hell.

Continued from page 3.

ing the men to accept whatever terms the farmers offered, as the officials had decided to take the matter to the Arbitration Court. The strikers were deserted, betrayed and defeated.

Some day in the distant future lawyers will wrangle and argue as to whether men have a right to sell the use of their bodies for 1/1½ an hour under a glaring sun Money that should have been spent provisioning and aiding the strikers to victory is to be wasted on the human leaches —lawyers—who'll suck the golden juice of the organisation to the extent of thousands of pounds. Such are the ways of craft unionism—benefit societies built up by the workers for the fattening of parasites and reactionary union officials. The ultimate aim of the latter being the plush seats of Parliament, where their bodies will grow rotund and their brains stagnate in the service of capitalism—shackling the workers to the wheel of exploitation.

The men returned to work to live in hope, though they die in despair.
But what of Peter?

He rolled his swag, sat on it, scratched his head and reflected: "I've carried the swag for twenty years through thick and thin, from Cooktown to Hobart; I've been through strikes and lock-outs, paid fines and been gaoled. I have walked miles to fight scabs and left the mark of my knuckles on their dials, until I grew tired and changed my tactics to shaking hands with scabs and borrowing what money I could off them, then telling them what I thought of them and their mangy principles. I have fought the enemy outside the ranks of organised labor and now I have got to fight those within—the union officials who convince men to scab on themselves."

He turned his face toward the Yuyang Ranges, and in one hour had left the sound of the thrashing machine out of ear shot in the rear.

TOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

From "Weekly People," New York.

"Man is a tool-using animal," said Benjamin Franklin, and in these few words he stated an economic fact of the greatest significance, and at the same time pointed out what distinguished man from other animals.

Man uses tools; other animals do not, and remain animals forever, while man goes on developing his faculties, changing his environment, and raising steadily to a higher and higher plane.

If man ceased to use tools he would inevitably revert to the animal state of his four-footed antecedents.

The history of human progress is written around the tools with which man has worked in his struggle for existence, all the way from the club of the cave man to a modern steel mill.

The nature of the tool is closely allied with the nature of its user. The degree of a nation's civilisation, or lack of civilisation, may be readily determined by the kind of tools it uses in producing its wealth and satisfying its material necessities.

The cave man owned his own club, and went out in search of his food on his own account. He was an individualist, he was, and if anyone had talked Socialism to him he would have objected to it as strenuously as the modern bourgeois, and upon substantially, the same ground. The cave man would have protested against being stripped of his "incentive" and being reduced to the "dead level" of inferior cave men.

Just here let it be noted that if this gentleman, the cave man, had relied entirely upon himself alone as an individualist, he and his descendants would never have been other than cave men, nor progressed an inch beyond his cave entrance in a billion years.

Even the cave man has the social instinct, and this, and this alone, led him out of his cave habitation and his animal existence, and after countless centuries humanised him to the extent of his present development.

The cave man's tool of production was individual in character and corresponded to his savage state and his primitive environment.

The modern tool of production is social in character, and corresponds with man's present civilised state and his highly-developed surroundings.

Tools individually used were of necessity individually owned, and it follows with inexorable logic that tools socially used must be socially owned.

Here we have the genesis of modern Socialism, and at the same time the reason why Socialism, however it may be resisted, is inevitable.

Socialism.

By Daniel De Leon.

Socialism is not a dream or a beautiful theory—it is a science.

Socialism is not a colonisation scheme or a Utopian chimera. That's what makes the capitalists so bitterly opposed to Socialism. It is intensely practical. Instead of building new factories, etc., in a colony, we are going to take over the ones the capitalists now own.

Socialism is not a political tyranny, as its opponents would have the uninitiated believe. These opponents claim that under Socialism the political government will rule everybody, and, they say, that would be worse than capitalist rule. Every Socialist will heartily agree with that. Socialism will NOT be a control of everything by the political government. There will not be any political government under Socialism.

There will be industrial government and it will be democratised that it will be entirely in the hands of the workers—and, furthermore, every man will be a worker, and that explains why the enemies of Socialism, who do not want to work, spend their time peddling lies about it.

Socialism is not something that, although nice to have, will never be attained. Socialism is the system of society which will logically follow the capitalist system—just as the capitalist system grew out of the old feudal system.

Socialism is not a system under which there will be no home and no families. Home life and family life are blessings that the New System will usher in. Under the present capitalist system home and family are being destroyed because everybody, from father to baby, is forced into the mills to earn a living.

Socialism is not grovellingly materialist. It is the present system—capitalism—which is so. Under Socialism there will not be a continual mad fight for existence; there will be plenty for all, easily obtainable and with such a small amount of labor that all will have time to develop their finer qualities. The musician will not be held back by lack of funds and the artist's soul will not be poisoned by a struggle with starvation. And, what is more, under Socialism everybody will have finer qualities to develop.

A JUDDONIAN MOVE IN THE LABOR COUNCIL.

The move which is afoot within the Labor Council to deprive E. Judd of certain citizen rights which he is entitled to exercise as a member of that body, is a move which for petty tyranny and one-eyed intolerance is only equalled by the move that E. Judd made to deprive a member of the S.L.P. of his membership rights in that organisation.

Whether this move within the Labor Council is the spontaneous outcome of an intellectual affinity with E. Judd, on the part of those responsible for it, or whether those who are making the move are acting upon the principle that what E. Judd prescribes for a fellow member of the S.L.P. as a fair and legitimate procedure must necessarily be a good prescription to apply to him, the writer is not familiar enough with the members of the Labor Council to know. But whichever may be the case, the writer trusts that the move of these petty despots will be frustrated by the militant unionists on the Labor Council, and thus save the Labor Council from the stigma that would be cast upon it if such a move were to carry, just as the rank and file of the Sydney Branch of the S.L.P. saved that party from the stigma that E. Judd, backed by some of the S.L.P. officialdom, sought to fasten upon that organisation.

F.S.

A. S. P.

NEWS AND NOTES.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

In addressing an audience at this Hall on Sunday, Feb. 26th, Percy Laidler said that so far Labor Parliaments in Australia have shown indifferent results in introducing useful reforms for working class benefit.

The Baby Bonus and Old Age Pensions were about the only two reforms of some benefit to the workers as a class. Let, however, the principle of the Baby Bonus be extended in the State caring for children, and it would mean that Arbitration Courts would deduct from wages of married men the cost of keeping an average family of three children.

Efficiency is what the employing class wants from its workers. This means in Australia higher wages to those with technical education. In Germany the State provides its working class with technical education, therefore German employers pay less for skilled workers than capitalists of other countries whose workers have not that advantage of free education.

The anti-war demonstration arranged by the two Socialist Parties in Melbourne for last Sunday was well attended considering the unpleasant weather. Shortly after the meeting began rain fell heavily. Those who know the state of the Yarra Bank on a wet day with a south-westerly half gale, cannot be surprised that soon after the meeting began many thousands left the ground. In the time at their disposal, several speakers, including Pat Harford, made fine revolutionary speeches. Though described as a failure by the conservative press, the meeting was satisfactory to the organisers.

A second anti-war demonstration will be held.

This Branch's concert and dance on Feb. 28th was one of the best financially and socially. About 150 attended. A musical programme was contributed by members and friends. Colored slides for shadow dances had a very novel effect. Comrade Speers was in charge of the necessary electric lighting for this innovation.

J.M., Press Cor.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Owing to the heat and the daylight saving iniquity, the audiences at the Hall on Sunday nights have not been so satisfactory as usual; consequently, on two occasions we have dispensed with the ordinary lecture and started a discussion instead; on Sunday, March 4th, the subject introduced by Com. Healy was "State Capitalism," and an interesting evening was passed. The Sunday night meetings in Park-street are progressing in fine style, and for the last few Sundays literature sales and collections have been very good. Literature and paper sales have also been very satisfactory down the Domain. Coms. Reardon, of Sydney Branch, and Kilburn, of Newtown Branch, began their election campaign on Saturday night. They had a large and attentive audience, and a large number of pamphlets and papers were sold.

Com. Gus. Slade begins his campaign on Monday, March 5th, Coms. Drew, Healy and Macdonald supporting him.

Com. Wagner reported at the last general meeting that the Coal Lumpers' Union had ostracised him and that members of it had actually refused to work on the same boat with him, and had stopped work for 45 minutes until he got off the job.

This organisation entered its emphatic protest against the action of the coal lumpers, and has instructed the Secretary to notify the union of this fact.

Mrs. Lorrimer has resigned from the A.S.P., having decided to speak on behalf of the P.L.L. in the forthcoming election campaign. The A.S.P. is, therefore, not responsible for her appearance on the P.L.L. platform, or whatever statements she may make thereon.

M. REARDON, Min. Sec.

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THE
Australasian
Socialist Party.

SOCIALISM — THE HOPE OF HUMANITY — A.S.P.

SOCIALIST HALL.

369 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Sunday Evening Lectures.

SUNDAY

Speaker

Subject-

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurrajah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

Catalogue of Books for Students.

Ancient Lowly—C. Osborne Ward; 2 vols., cloth, 16/-; posted 16/6.
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Write for further particulars, and address all orders to: G. Slade, Literature Secretary, 115 Goulburn-street, Sydney.

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